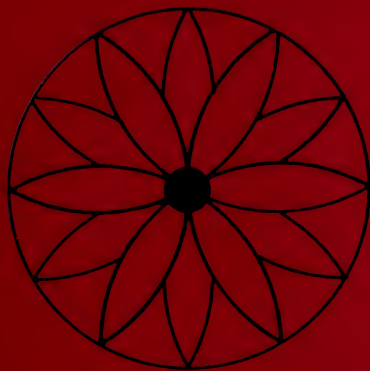


Petals of View

by

GERALDINE LAWHORN



HV2335

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15 WEST 16th STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y., 10011

TELERAN

All, this love we share: the young, the
wise

Natured, our dearest friends, or those
recently met --

Our relatives, distant or immediate -- all!

Each heart feels a power like radar, guiding
us home,

Whether luminous day or whimpering uncertain
night.

This love we share, the most valued of all
our gifts.

IN A CITY PARK

Mothers, lolled in lavish laziness,
Dressed for dainty, cooled, mid-summer dozing,
Watched without a word, but with a wish --
Or retarded resolutions -- to stop the ruinous
rattle
Of children who beat park benches with broken
toys.

"Andy'" At last an agonized protest
Emerged. "My ears! Go easy with that evil
thing! I'll ..."
An ivory truck caught every puerile eye:
"The icecream man!"
Open mouths occasioned open money-bags.
"Caught us! Unless we buy, the kids'll never
shut up."

Delicious silence of chocolate and vanilla.
Greediness soon melted -- to good to endure.
Then back they scrambled to abuse and beat
Our property and poor parents' eardrums --
Bewildered parents, wondering why this reward.

REFRESHED

You ask the benefit of going to church,
Material or spiritual gain?

A Sunday morning sun shines on a city
Cleared of commerce and the weekday smog;
Ebullient glow of wearing something new,
Of floating down the street with glide
to match

The crispness of one's frock and jaunty hat;
Familiar perfumes, telling you who's there.
The atmosphere inside is like a hand
That shades from glare and wipes out thoughts
of things

And gently greets you with a loving palm.

HOBBIES

They asked him twice to join the hunt,
He begged to be excused.

Tremendous dangers he'd confront,
But this he stanchly refused.

When he was five, he had loved that race
Along the sea that swells,
He put his collection in Dad's suitcase
With dead fish left in the shells ...

CLOSING HOUR

This is a fountain of peoples, the
driving flood
Enters, exits, swirls, seems stagnant --
Countless simultaneous breaks at five.

Doors flap and revolve until the white
tile walls
Are perforated to look like open lattice
Shaken by a deluge.

In they pour; laborers, shopgirls, clerks,
Corpulent tycoons, all sweep along the
streams
And merged in a common basin.

Jumbled sounds of foot-treads and voices
roaring
Down-falls of stairways, escalators spouting
Thousands of travelers, commuting.

Grand Central, river of tired hearts
going home!

Grand Central, whirlpool of eager hearts
leaving home!

Grand Central, fountain of soaring hearts,
coming home!

SINGING HANDS

With a handful of rhythm and fingers that
fret

For the long carretilla on a gay castanet.

PERFORMANCE

While ironing costumes to give them youth,
As they give lives to me,
I thank each ruffle, sequin, bow
That wrapped in them, I'm free.

I can be perfect, wealthy, whole;
Exist in every age:
All personalities are mine
In costumes on the stage.

MUSIC

The concept of music to me is not made
of sounds,

Nor a written sheet, nor an instrument.

Its spiritual Cause results in ideas that
are meant

For senses of soul -- all thoughts, light
or profound.

Music is shapely, sometimes slender,
sometimes round;

And arches gracefully in rise and descent;

It is a rosy smile, or blue ache bent

In pain, with slave-time sweat dripping to
the ground.

Musical action kisses, flutters, dances;

A pebble, not thrown, but dropped into a
turquoise pool;

The joy we feel, as when a prayerbook opens.

We spend a lifetime learning its nuances,

But when all error's gone, we find the rule:

Real music is neither played nor heard --
it happens.

KEEP GOING

Pondering wonders we're next to explore --

In on the carpet. Out on the ground.

"If you don't push, you'll be pushed around!"

Egoes inside a revolving glass door.

IF LIFE WERE LIKE THIS

What great release

Within

One stroke of a typewriter key,

Which will space back

To correct

Regretted deeds

Of the past.

PERFECT FEAR

Fear's heart is filled with jealousy's
devotion;
He gives to gain; he smiles for his own
morale;
He seeks security, looks out for himself:
"He that feareth is not made perfect in
love."

Fear's solar-plexes boils and from the heat
His hands turn cold; his lips are cracked
and parched
With poisoned moisture. A rash that's
smooth with redness
Breaks: "He that feareth is not made
perfect"

Fear's voice, so lost with terror that
supplications
May be heard to heaven; so paralyzed
He runs at unrecorded speeds, unmeasured
Distances: "He that feareth is not"

(The Holy Bible, 1 John, 4:18)

APPRAISAL

They judge the seed from which the gem is
made.

Minute, dark ocean-jewelers may select
A grain, or tolerate when sands invade,
Demonstrating skill without defect.

When taken from its shop -- a crude rough
shell --

The jewel must withstand the acid bite,
Remaining smooth, unmarred, with nonpareil
Refinement, warmth, ebullience, delight.

Found "of great price", a light of lustrous
grey.

Appraiser of the Jeweled soul observed,
Possessors cherish precious distingue,
While sacrificing everything -- unswerved.

Supernal Wisdom knew she would unfurl
Life's glow for me, and named my mother
Pearl.

BLONDIE OFF LEASH

There she lay, the princess of her world;
Graceful, long and lean, with one paw curled
Beneath a platinum chest. Like spires of ore,
Her amber ears were listening: who would
implore? ...

An autumn sunbeam challenged, and she pounced
Upon that golden rival, unannounced.

It dodged behind a cloud -- it had given!
She was still the beauty, she had driven
Out a competing ray at no expense.

And then she saw across the green expanse --
And raced to capture it -- a fallen branch,
And in high rapture, paraded it. Beauty
blanche!

NOVEMBER GHOSTS

Across bare bones the moonlight streaked,
Between Venetian slats it leaked,

Revealing a kitchen of chromium and white,
Strewn with remnants of a festive night.

Not benefited by a blessing,
A lonely ghost without its dressing
Stands -- no thankfulness expressing.

A headless one, no voice to say
Just what takes place to disarray
All turkeys on Thanksgiving Day.

POSSESSION

With a kiss she tied a bow
Of pink on that lone brushed curl:
"Her's Mamma's little baby!"

With a smile, she knotted a broad white sash --
She had made the dress for graduation --- :
"So proud of Mamma's little girl!"

With a festive tear, she designed the
wedding gown,
Shopped for the trousseau, offered the best
advice,
Sobbed: "Goodbye, Mamma's little daughter!"

From then on: "Mother, that hair style doesn't
suit you ... Mother,
Why must you always ... Mother, don't wear
that, wear this instead ...
Mother, why don't you sometimes"
... .. With a sign: "Baby's little mamma!"

CARE

Of a home in dire need of his strength -- he
was still a child;
Of an epoch when wealth was defined by percentage
of sweat;
Of a lineage whose fathers were boastfully land-
scapemen.

The sleeping bulbs, waiting,
The wheelbarrow, the tractor -- all explained why
The coat of his business suit lay on the ground.

Dead leaves and twigs that fell through years
before,
Trodden, drab, spread on the matted growth;
And the garden: papers, old jars, tin cans --
Thrown there from holiday cars -- combined with
ashes.

He stood there, his mind now freed by retirement,
Reviewing the flat land so long denied the care of
His skillful hands. With renewed youth,
He contemplated the labor all beauty demands.

Remember, Dad, how you pressed seeds into spring's
warm palm?

How you rolled the Creeping Bent, set with a star
of cannas?

Remember, Dad, Love's fresh breath comes again and
again.

AVEC FILS

We went to the dance last night, escorted
by brothers.

Our dresses embroidered, our hairdos made
us feel tall;

Bongos dictated wild patterns on the floor
of the ballroom.

You remember those proms we attended in
self-conscious teens?

Older brothers were objects of resentment;

I daydreamed of waltzing with suitors, with
kisses, with romance.

I write you this for, while romance is quite
pleasant,

Dancing is joyous, and I have found that few
lovers

Compete with the salient footwork of my two
brothers.

WINDOW SHADINGS

One paneled flash -- our home is safe from
night --

The window calls, announcing it is day;
Beginning like a sleepy yawn, first gray,
Then multi-colored, coaxing from respite.

At noon the window, gracious frame of gold,
Arrests a hurried mother, tense with "musts",
Insistent that she pause to see unfold
Reflections of her children's sunny trusts.

At last the clan comes home and gathers near
The cordial dinette window's melting glow --
Affording passers-by a gay tableau,
Accentuated by the chandelier.

Darkened. Somnolence. Confident that Love
Keeps vigilance through windows high above.

HV2335 Lawhorn, Geraldine.

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[n.d.]

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